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AND ADVERTISER.
W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.—The official forecasts for to-day indicate showers; stationary temperature.

THE
TARIFF FOR
DEFICIT.

turns out that for the main purpose of its enactment it will accomplish absolutely nothing. It was to be pre-eminently a revenue measure; it was to abolish the deficit and give us again the luxury of a surplus, and now we learn that unless new internal revenue taxes be adopted the deficit will be even larger than it is now.

In other words, so far as the necessities of the Treasury are concerned, all the turmoil to which the business of the country has been subjected has been absolutely needless. The same ends could have been attained by leaving the present tariff law three months ago just as it stood, and adding the revenue taxes that it is found necessary to add to the new one. The Wilson law is steadily working out better results. It has almost bridged the gap between income and expenditures, and if the whiskey tax were reduced to a revenue basis and the proposed tax on stock and bond transfers were levied, not a single change would be needed in the tariff schedule.

No doubt the Republican tariff makers cast many a hungry eye on that power of taxing wealth through incomes which our Government enjoyed for more than a hundred years, and which was destroyed to enable a few well-to-do millionaires to shirk their share of the public burdens. For the present our national taxing resources are crippled, but any makeshift Congress can devise to take the place of the public right so wantonly and wickedly sacrificed will be fairly considered by the country. The tax on stock and bond transfers seems just, although it would doubtless be largely evaded. As far as it went, however, it would be drawn from the right sources, and if it brought in a considerable revenue it might serve to mitigate the odium the Trust Tariff will shed upon everybody connected with its enactment.

THE TRUST
AND THE
TREASURY.

It would seem hardly possible on its face that the Senate could persist in retaining the present sugar schedule in the tariff bill after the Secretary of the Treasury had officially announced the fact that the duties were based on the unsworn and discredited statements of Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer, but we have learned to regard anything as possible in these days except Senatorial care for the public interests. It makes no difference to the Republican majority that the false figures upon which their scheme of taxation rests were compiled under the direction of ex-Secretary Carlisle and represent an Administration without a party. Allegiance to the Sugar Trust is stronger than considerations of political expediency.

Mr. Havemeyer's misleading information was originally furnished to the Treasury Department for the purpose of enabling the Trust to collect more money in drawbacks on its exported refined sugar than it had paid in duties on the raw sugar used in the manufacture, but it was found equally applicable to the construction of a tariff schedule in which an exorbitant scale of avowed protection was capped by a masked protection greater still. The compilers of the circular that has been made the instrument for accomplishing this result say that their figures were based on the average returns from eight refineries, all of whom, with one partial exception, happened to be in the Trust. By a curious coincidence this average stood at precisely the figure submitted by Mr. Havemeyer, which is patently false—admitted to be so by at least one of the experts that adopted it.

This exposure has been foreshadowed for some time, although yesterday's publication in the Journal first brought it out in all its crushing force. Senator Caffery has been trying to induce the Senate to take an interest in the matter, but he has had only half-hearted backing on his own side of the Chamber. The mere hint of such a flaw in the foundation on which the sugar duties rest ought to have made the Republicans themselves insist on a revision of the rates to correspond with the facts, but in the anomalous conditions prevailing at Washington even the Democrats seem willing for the most part to have the matter hushed up.

What is the explanation of this singular apathy? Is it that the false tables are a legacy from the Cleveland Administration, and were prepared under the direct authority of Secretary Carlisle, whose alleged experts are haunting the Democratic Senators in the interest of the Sugar Trust at the present time? It is conceivable that an Indianapolis Democrat might allow himself to be muzzled to protect the reputation of the late Administration, but why should that consideration have any weight with men like Vest and Jones, of Arkansas? If the Cleveland-Carlisle Treasury statistics were juggled for the benefit of the Sugar Trust, why not say so frankly? Must the people be unjustly taxed forever to conceal the truth because that truth might be damaging to some of the men who were in power at Washington last year?

The second step in the process of enveloping Luckless Chicago in the grasp of a street railway monopoly which outdoes in its bad service and extortion anything New Yorkers ever dreamed of, was taken this week. The first step, of course, was the passage by a Republican Legislature and the signature by a Republican Governor of bills which prolonged the life of the monopoly and assisted it in stifling competition.

Armed with the new powers given it by a State Government which was installed as an incident of last year's effort to restore prosperity and protect the national honor, the monopoly began perfecting its scheme of spoliation. Chicago, though very active and enterprising in its annexation of all suburbs which have any population, has yet fallen short of spreading over the whole county in which it is situated. Some small villages and a great stretch of country destined to be populous are still out of the city limits, and under the general authority of the county Commissioners of Cook County—another Republican body, curiously enough. From this county board the street railway corporation has secured a franchise giving authority to build on more than 200 miles of roads covering every point in Cook County outside of Chicago.

It is likely street railways ever will be desirable. The permits not only passenger traffic, but freight being the benevolent purpose of the monopoly farmer's produce to market for him. Very

unnecessarily the correspondent who sends this intelligence adds: "No money compensation to the County Treasury is provided for by the ordinance." We are proud to say that in the United States, where socialism scarcely dare raise its baleful head and its disciples are denounced as bomb-throwing anarchists, street railway companies never pay for the privilege of taking streets which were laid out by and for the citizens. That sort of thing would do in Debs's Utopia. Indeed, we believe it has been practiced in some English cities, but England, it must be remembered, is an effete monarchy. In the United States, where socialism is hateful and the liberty of the individual to prey on his fellows guarded by the most sacred constitutional enactments, no corporation is going to pay the public when it can bribe aldermen or buy a street when it can steal it.

Chicago and Cook County must be sorely puzzled at the curious reward for the magnificent majority they gave last Fall to the Republican party, law, order and the national honor.

A
STURDY STROKE
FOR CUBA.

It is little wonder that Representative Settle was suppressed by the joint voices of Speaker Reed and Leader Dingley Thursday for disturbing the peace and harmony of a resigned House of Representatives with mendacious complaints of the inaction of the majority. Indeed the Speaker is to be congratulated upon his self-possession and forbearance in the matter. He didn't devour the turbulent Settle, or have him ejected, or put in irons, or inflict upon him any of the other penalties which it is obviously within the power of a determined Speaker, backed by a servile majority, to impose. Indeed, so great was the Speaker's self-command that he gave the reporters opportunity to employ only twice their favorite phrase about his "satirical and aggravating drawl."

For our own part we are amazed that Settle escaped alive. His reference to the significant series of Democratic victories since November 5 last was merely irritating to the Republicans, but when he came to make the wholly unfounded charge that McKinley had not fulfilled his party's promise to take prompt action in behalf of Cuba it is a marvel that a justly enraged majority did not cast him into the outer darkness. "You have acted in utter defiance of public sentiment," he cried to the Republicans. "You asked for time. You predicted great things when Calhoun went to Cuba. Calhoun returned from Cuba. Calhoun went home. Nothing was done. Calhoun has been forgotten and so has Cuba."

Now we submit that Mr. Settle should inform himself more fully before directing this grave charge against the Administration. Cuba forgotten? Never. That noble American, that Advance Agent of Prosperity, that determined wielder of a vigorous foreign policy has just struck a blow for Cuba Libre which is likely to bring the tottering fabric of Spanish misrule to the ground with a crash. So fierce a stroke could scarcely have been delivered without shattering some precedents, and this one has destroyed a line of them which began with Benjamin Franklin. But let us be explicit.

The Journal has already commented upon the appointment of General Woodford to be Minister to Spain, and suggested, in a mildly argumentative way, that perhaps he lacked the force and diplomatic ability essential to the post. The President clearly shares our doubt and has undertaken to quiet it. By a special order he has vested—or shall we say clothed?—Minister Woodford with dignity beyond all his fellows in the United States diplomatic service, by permitting him to wear the uniform of a brigadier-general for his court dress. But more than this, when the new Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary makes his calls upon the King of Spain—who has now attained the ripe age of eleven years—he is especially authorized to take his Military Attache, in army uniform, his Naval Attache, in navy uniform, and his secretary, Mr. Sickles, of Governor Black's staff, clad in the imposing paraphernalia of a Major of the National Guard of the State of New York. Surely the President could not at present be asked to do more than this in the direction of an armed invasion of Spain.

Hitherto "the simple garb of an American gentleman" has been considered the proper court dress of a Minister of the United States, but President McKinley clearly considers that diplomacy of a certain type must be reinforced by gold lace and feathers. His abandonment of democratic simplicity maintained for more than a century ought surely to convince his critics how deadly earnest he is in his determination to free Cuba if it takes the combined efforts of all the military tailors in the United States.

AMERICAN
RAILS
FOR INDIA.

Our protectionist contemporary, the Sun, informs its readers that American steel rails have invaded the market of India, a contract for 7,500 tons destined for that country having been let to a Baltimore concern. The price, according to officials of the manufacturing company, is "considerably lower than the price of English rails."

The tariff on steel rails as fixed by the Democratic revenue act of 1894 was one of the unsatisfactory schedules of that rather unsatisfactory law. It gave to the American manufacturers "protection" to the amount of \$7.84 per ton. Under that tariff many shipments of steel rails were made abroad in direct competition with the English manufacturers. Indeed, the fact that American manufacturers could undersell their English rivals became a matter of such common notoriety that even a McKinley Congress has not dared to suggest an increase in the tariff on steel rails. The House has left the tariff where it was in the act of 1894; the Senate has reduced it to \$6.72 a ton, but the question which ought to have occurred to both Representatives and Senators is "Why any tariff at all on goods which can sell to British dependencies cheaper than in the English themselves?"

It is significant that the Baltimoreans who secured this contract decline to name the price at which it was taken. They say it is lower than British prices, but their silence justifies the suspicion that it is also lower than the price they make to American consumers.

The Administration doubtless feels that its platform declaration for the enforcement of the civil service laws calls for the reorganization of the Civil Service Commission. In this event we may look for the appointment of gentlemen who are expert in the art of extracting starch.

The Committee on Arrangements for the Ohio Democratic Convention decided that only the pictures of deceased Democrats should be permitted to hang on the walls of the convention hall. This did not have the effect of shutting out the pictures of the Palmer and Buckner leaders.

Senator Vest has no desire to delay the return of prosperity, but he is asking some tariff questions which are experiencing considerable delay in securing answers.

The Senator from Maryland is unable to understand how a man of the name of Wellington came to be politically bunched by a Washington real estate dealer.

If there is anything else the anti-Platt people don't want at the hands of the McKinley Administration all they have to do is to ask for it.

Cupid Robs the
Calumet Club.

CUPID is in a merry mood. After a Winter of hard work and a Spring of at least customary activity, he is now about to begin his campaign of lazy love-making among the frivolous of Summer resorts.

Before going on vacation, however, Cupid has given the dear milk drinkers of the Calumet Club quite a turn.

C. Austin Whitehouse has announced that he is engaged to marry a pretty Detroit girl, and rumor has it that she is very wealthy.

This is enough to throw the Calumetters into a condition of excitement bordering on hysteria.

Love among the milk drinkers is a thing to talk about rather than to indulge in.

Moreover, they had concluded that Austin Whitehouse was a confirmed celibate, although he is only about thirty years old. Therefore when it became generally known in the club that Austin was not only contemplating matrimony, but that he had actually persuaded a girl to his way of thinking, and a rich girl at that, there was more excitement than the glorious Fourth of July produces among Gotham's adolescent patriots.

Austin Whitehouse is a son of George Meredith Whitehouse, of Staten Island, and is a cousin of "Normie" and "Worthie" Whitehouse, which would be glory enough. But in addition to that he is an unusually popular chaplain on his own account.

Gossip is very free just now with the name of a well-known lawyer and society man who, it is alleged, has left his wife pending arrangements for a permanent separation.

I doubt if there will be any such outcome as this. Both the man and his wife are well advanced in years, and have a family of grown children, most of whom are married.

At that period in life it is very rare that the blood is so riotous or rebellious on either side as to preclude such a settlement as will avoid scandal.

Furthermore, I happen to know that this particular lawyer is sick and nervous, and has gone to the country to spend a few days with his daughter and son-in-law. In the present dearth of sensational news of social celebrities that in itself would be ground enough on which to build a divorce case.

In the fall flush of his victory over Harvard and Yale at Poughkeepsie, the Cornell University Club of New York City is enjoying a tremendous boom.

It is true that since June 26 the red and white of the Ithaca college has been kept almost wholly red by the New York alumni, but that has not prevented the Cornell University Club from doing itself proud by electing Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman to its presidency.

Dr. Seaman has a pedigree as long as that of any race horse that he ever lost a bet on, and he has an enthusiasm for Cornell that is hotter than that place which is so often mentioned in the college cry of his Alma Mater.

As a descendant of Robert Livingston, "Lord of the Manor," of Philip Livingston, signer of the Declaration of Independence, of that Dr. Seaman who introduced vaccination into New York in 1799, and as the first born of Cornell—he is a member of Cornell's first class—I should like to know how the Cornell University Club could have done better than to place Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman at its head?

I am sure that nobody can give the Cornell yell with more volume or vigor, and I know to a certainty that when the new president of the Cornell University Club goes home from one of its festivities there will be nobody left.

Johnston Livingston, admirable gentleman of the old school and Knickerbocker to his finger tips, has gone to Bar Harbor for the Summer.

Although Mr. Livingston is well advanced in years, he has decided to entertain more extensively than usual this season.

He will be assisted by his daughter, the Countess De Launce-Villars, and Bar Harbor is to be congratulated on the prospect of such attractive hospitality.

Those of us who know General Horace Porter, the brilliant president of the Union League Club, the able Ambassador of the United States to France, the opulent vice-president of the Pullman Palace Car Company, and Chauncey Depew's only rival as an after-dinner orator, will be astonished to learn that until yesterday he had a nephew who kept a small restaurant on Third avenue.

This fact was disclosed by the death of the nephew, whose name was Wheeler.

Perhaps the most ludicrous thing that has happened in connection with the much-advertised fancy dress ball that was given by the Duchess of Devonshire last night was "he called information that the British aristocracy was praying that Her Grace's sick sister might not die 'until after the ball'."

It seems to me that it would have cost no poor breath to have prayed that the poor lady might bequeathed indefinitely.

"Normie" Whitehouse left yesterday for Newport, where he will be the guest of the J. J. Wysons, whose dinners have made them famous.

"Normie" will be just in time for one of the Wysons feasts to-night.

On Monday Mr. Wyson will take him to the "big feed" of the Newport Clam bake Club, and altogether it is a pretty safe wager that "Normie" will not hunger during his stay with the Wysons.

New York is to be congratulated on the acquisition of the Eustises.

We have had them in some shape or other for a long time. There was the connecting tie of marriage with the Hitchcock and the sympathetic taste for polo and cross-country riding displayed by George and William, but it was not until yesterday that we felt that they were really of us, as well as with us.

Yesterday James B. Eastle was admitted to the New York Bar, and became a New Yorker for fair and for keeps.

Colonel McCooky Butt is happy. The "Dandy Doss" will break camp and escape Peckskill profanely to-day.

James R. Keene is happy. His horse St. Cloud won in England yesterday.

Ballston Spa is happy. Sidney Smith is visiting his native beach.

The Westchester Country Club is happy. It is going to have a golf tournament Monday.

The Newport Clam bake Club is happy. They are going to have baked clams in a high class "fix" the day after Sunday.

Thompson is happy. He is going to Miss Edith Blight in August.

Mary is happy. He is a proud

are others—who are happy. At a time of general rejoicing, all right, but not since then.

OLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

VERY HARD HIT.



Going to Identify the Remains of His Mutilated Circulation.

MR. PULITZER AT THE MORQUE.

WHEN the remains of William Guldensuppe shall be borne to the tomb, a decent respect for his own feelings should induce Mr. Pulitzer—if able to be out—to follow the hearse on foot as chief mourner. No relative, no wife, no loved one whom the dismembered dead may have left behind can possibly suffer more, if as much, as Mr. Pulitzer is suffering. At least none of the hapless bathman's bereaved connections is raising so grievous an uproar as comes daily from the ghastly dome under which Mr. Pulitzer dwells in his agony.

In his ecstasy of woe Mr. Pulitzer even cries aloud that Guldensuppe is not dead. Like the fond heroine of romance, who nobly declares her belief in the innocence of the accused hero, utterly scorning proofs which convince everybody else, Mr. Pulitzer wails that his William is yet alive.

The state of distraction into which this eminent and once successful journalist was thrown on reading the news, published exclusively in the Journal of Wednesday last, that Guldensuppe was no more, continues without any sign of abatement. He appears to have locked himself in his tower—which, let it be hoped, is padded—and refuses to communicate with anxious friends and employees except by speaking tube. Even his physician and the competent alienists accompanying him get no reply to their knocks and entreaties for entrance except inarticulate cries. Crowds gather before the building, ostensibly to read the baseball score, but really in the expectation of seeing Mr. Pulitzer climb out and shin up the dome to do his keening on its summit, and perhaps to get bits of his downward-floating hair to carry away as souvenirs.

As far as can be gathered from Mr. Pulitzer's bewildered newspaper organs, he is willing to believe that the cutting of a man into four large pieces may be accepted as evidence that the man is no longer alive and that a suspicion of violence in the manner of his taking off may be permissible—anybody, indeed, but Guldensuppe. Yet the proofs are such that the remains of Mr. Pulitzer's formerly powerful mind plainly subject him to the worst fears.

In spite of his screams of denial it is apparent that there are moments when he apprehends the worst. It is also obvious that he has lucid intervals, though they are followed so quickly by paroxysms that Mrs. Naeck.

The public should be prepared not to be surprised at anything which comes from the dome within the next few days, even the hurrying body of Mr. Pulitzer itself. Signs are discovered in his newspapers of the approaching discovery that if Guldensuppe has been murdered the crime was committed by the Journal—that the body was cut and the pieces placed where they were found by crafty emissaries of this paper, all for the purpose of luring the World on to demonstrate its incapacity and then to excite unusual mirth by making a denouement of itself. This hallucination so possesses the unfortunate Mr. Pulitzer that he has already caused counsel to be employed for the defence of his friend, Mrs. Naeck.



The feet I examined at the Morgue Friday at 1 A. M. closely resembled those of William Guldensuppe as to size and shape and general appearance and the formation of the nails. There was a corn on the little toe of the right foot such as Guldensuppe had, which I had treated.

I did not tell any one that I did not think the legs were Guldensuppe's. I expressed no opinion at the time I made the examination, but afterward told the Journal reporter who had accompanied me to the Morgue what I have stated here.

Frank B. Bueschel

THE WORLD, JULY 2.

At 1 o'clock this (Friday) morning the chiropodist of the Murray Hill Baths, accompanied by a Journal reporter, called at the Morgue.

The legs that were supposed to belong to the body of William Guldensuppe were shown to the chiropodist by the attendant at the dead-house.

The chiropodist carefully examined the toes. Then, without hesitation, he said: "That is not the man."

This statement was directly reported to a representative of the World by the Morgue attendant.

After being threatened by a second Journal reporter the attendant refused to talk any further.

The Journal's
Notable Service.

Journal Reporters Did the Work.

From the Derby (Conn.) Transcript.
The remains of the murdered man, a part of which was found at Kingsbridge and another part in the East River, have been identified as William Guldensuppe, a rubber-down in a Turkish bath establishment. Mrs. Herman Naeck, a midwife, with whom Guldensuppe lived, has been arrested. The mystery was cleared up, and the woman was cleverly trapped by a clever reporter of the New York Journal.

A Paper Alert and Intelligent.

From the Jersey City News.
If the identification of the remains as those of the massmurder, Guldensuppe, holds good, and if the Naeck woman proves to have been concerned in the man's death, the public of New York will have reason to thank their stars that they have a paper so alert and intelligent as the Journal to serve them.

Full Credit to the Journal.

From the Courier des Etats Unis.
Little by little the light is dawning on the mysterious murder which has attracted public attention since the discovery a few days ago of portions of a human body in the East River and in the woods north of Harlem. The investigations so energetically pushed by our contemporary the Journal have resulted in surprising revelations. In the first place, not less than seven persons have been found who have most positively recognized that the body, the mutilated remains of which are now at the Morgue, is that of a man named William Guldensuppe, who was employed in a Turkish bath establishment in West Forty-second street. The persons who have identified the body are themselves employees of the place, not counting Dr. Cusby, who some time ago had performed an operation on the index finger of the left hand of Guldensuppe, and who declared that it was undoubtedly the remains of Guldensuppe.

With this discovery as a foundation, the causes and circumstances which led to the murder became the subjects of careful inquiry. Guldensuppe had disappeared since Friday morning. He had been living with a midwife named Mrs. Naeck, who had left her husband, the driver of a bakery wagon, for him. The investigations of the Journal were now transferred to the flat of Mrs. Naeck in Ninth avenue. There the reporters of the Journal learned that Guldensuppe and Mrs. Naeck had had a violent quarrel on the day preceding his disappearance and that in the background of the affair was another person, whom Guldensuppe had supplanted in the affections of Mrs. Naeck, after the husband had been driven from her side.

No Labor Nor Expense Spared.

From the Progresso Italiano-Americano.
It is mainly due to the praiseworthy efforts of the Journal that we are enabled to announce to our readers that the body whose mutilated remains have been found in the East River and in North Harlem is that of William Guldensuppe. * * * No labor nor expense were spared by the Journal with its efficient staff of reporters in its laudable work of solving the mystery of this horrible murder.

"New Journalism" Means Success.

From the Atlanta Local Greek Paper.
A striking example of the brilliant success of the new journalism is the establishing by the Journal of the identity of the body of William Guldensuppe, which has been found in portions in the East River and in Harlem. * * * Besides the enormous expense connected with the laborious research in an affair of this kind, the Journal must pay \$1,000, the promised reward, to the party or parties who gave the clue to the unraveling of the murder mystery.

They Need Not Have Been Surprised.

From the New York American, The American Star, the official organ of the Syrians of the United States.
The Journal has again surprised its competitors and delighted its admirers by rendering the public a great service in aiding the authorities to solve the great mystery surrounding the awful murder of the Turkish bath massmurder, William Guldensuppe.

Commendation and Criticism.

From the New York Brooklyn Times.
To the New York Journal belongs the credit of having discovered the clue which the New York police are now industriously following, and of having kept in advance even of the detective force in unravelling it. The fact that the Journal was the first to make public the reasons for the belief that Guldensuppe was the victim, and that Mrs. Naeck, with whom he lived, might have a guilty knowledge of the crime, was sufficient to enlist the World in Mrs. Naeck's defence and to induce it to place all its resources at her disposal to prove her innocence, and thereby to bring humiliation upon the Journal.

There should be a careful avoidance of all attempts to prejudice public opinion against any person on whom suspicion might rest, but this unbecoming display of the subordination of the interests of justice to newspaper rivalry can only tend to reduce judicial investigation to a farce.

The Journal in the Lead.

From the Washington Star.
New York's gruesome murder mystery appears now to have been practically solved and the credit for the working out of the problem of identification of the fragmentary remains and the consequent identification of the criminal belongs unquestionably to the newspapers of the metropolis. It is of record that some of the most puzzling crimes have been ferreted out by private enterprise, and especially by the newspapers and their men. The crime of the negro, Christine Cox, committed in New York several years ago, was for a long time a complete mystery to the police. It was unravelled, however, through the quick wit of a Globe reporter, whose discoveries led to the arrest and subsequent conviction and execution of the murderer. The still more famous Cronin murder in Chicago was almost wholly brought to light through the efforts of the newspaper men of that city. Their work far surpassed that of the police detectives, and practically all of the convincing facts were brought to light by them. The more recent case of Holmes, the arch murderer, was of the same sort. The newspaper men of Chicago again demonstrated their ability to give points to those regularly employed on such work. In the New York case justice to newspaper rivalry can only tend to reduce judicial investigation to a farce.